Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raign'ſt
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thankes
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.*
My body to this buſineſſe: Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on; *Exeunt.*
Still Muſicke of Records.

Enter Emilia *in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours, which being ſet upon the Altar her maides ſtanding a loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curtſey and kneele.*

Emilia. O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Behe'd thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare
(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Seaſond with holy feare; This is my laſt
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious,

I could doombe neither, that
C.. too't unſentenc'd: There
He of the two Pretenders, tha
And has the trueſt title in't, I
Take off my wheaten Gerla
The ſyle and qualitie I hold, I
Continue in thy Band.

Here the Hynde vaniſhes
place aſcends a Roſe Tree,
See what our Generall of Et
Out from the bowells of he
With ſacred act advances: B
If well inſpir'd, this Battaile
Both theſe brave Knights, an
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd
Here is heard a ſodaine tw
Roſe falls from the Tree.
The flowre is falne, the Tree
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I
I thinke ſo, but I know not t
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterie: I h
Her Signes were gratious.

Scæna 2. *Enter Doctor,*
Palamon,

Doct. Has this advice I to
Wooer. O very much; The m
Have halfe perſwaded her
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmili
Would eate, and when I w
Preſently, and kiſt her twi
Doct. T was well done; t
For there the cure lies mai
Wooer. Then ſhe told
She would watch with m
What houre my fit would
Doct. Let her doe ſo,
And when your fit comes

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY